

The Saturday News

SEVENTH YEAR. No. TEN

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17th, 1912

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Jasper's Note Book

The first municipal election campaign of Greater Edmonton has reached its last stages as the Saturday News goes to press. It has been energetically conducted by the individual candidates but it is their personality rather than any large issues that the public has to consider.

The only thing approaching a sensation was the resignation of Commissioner Candy, following certain insinuations at one of the meetings. If Mr. Candy's retention of office for the time being was advisable, as we have been told, and it is quite reasonable to think that it was, it is difficult to understand why he should have acted so precipitately. It would have been very much better for him to have remained at his post till some definite charge was made and investigated.

The Board of Trade discussed a suggestion at this week's meeting that it should as a body take a part in municipal elections, framing a ticket of candidates. The bulk of the members agreed with President Martin that this would be inadvisable and would interfere with its usefulness.

This is undoubtedly correct. The Board as such should not be drawn into municipal politics. But there is very real need for some organization, along the line of the Citizens' Union in New York, to take it upon itself to bring a better class of men into the field for the Council. The people can usually be depended upon to elect those who are capable of giving the best service. The trouble is that they have so seldom enough good candidates to choose from. The men that we want cannot be depended upon to come out of their own accord.

One of the Edmonton newspapers this week told of an extraordinary case where a woman, who had been living in a house that brought \$50 a month rental, had to apply to the commissioners for assistance. The latter expressed great surprise at the request. Without doubt it indicated that a better appearance had been kept up than the circumstances of the family warranted. But there is nothing unique about it. Everyone could name cases after case from their own personal knowledge where the desire to maintain a good front to the world has led to most distressing conditions. It is not often that such people apply for public aid. But the worst poverty and the great suffering is not as a rule found among those who actually seek charity.

Perhaps the cleverest touch in the whole of the play of which Forbes-Robertson gave us such a masterly presentation last week was that in which the Passer-By appealed to Mr. Samuels on the strength of his faith in the Jews as a people. The swindler declared that he had been made to feel that if he led his intended victim into the scheme which he had proposed and the money invested was lost, he would feel as if he had betrayed the whole Jewish race.

Those who have had any dealings with our Jewish citizens know how strong a factor in their lives this pride of race with them is and how unjust the general aspersions are that have been cast upon their character.

The other day the first Hebrew elderman of the city of Montreal was elected, Mr. Abraham Blumenthal. At a meeting to celebrate his victory, which was won, he noted, in connection with the general civic reform movement, he made a notable speech, part of which will stand quoting:

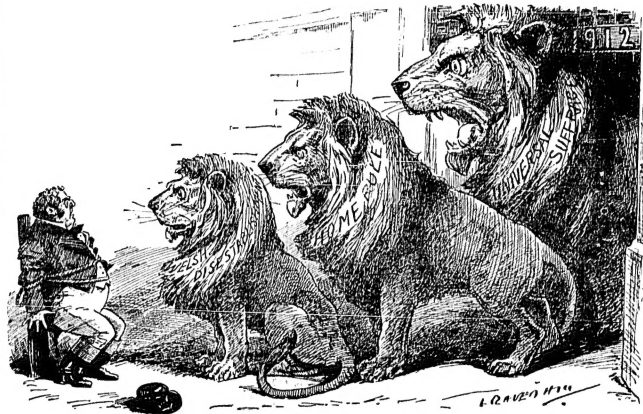
"The reason I stand before you tonight as the first Hebrew elderman of Montreal is because I am the victim of circumstances," he declared. "I am the victim of circumstances, as I have labored ever since I was a mere boy in teaching the Hebrew in Montreal the value of the ballot. What made me take up this work with my whole heart was the fact that when I was a boy in school I was ill-treated. I had a fight with a Christian boy, and after I had licked him he turned to me and said: 'You people have no right here in this country, you are here on charity.' The words branded my heart like fire. I was only fourteen years old at the time, but I went home and asked my father if the Jewish people were in this country on charity. He told me we were not, and I determined then that I would teach my people their rights. I did not really wish to be your candidate in the present election, in fact, I asked another to take the honor, but for private reasons he refused, and rather than see our people go without a candidate, I entered the arena myself, and we won. I say 'we,' for you were the heroes, you who have stood by my side day and night for the past few weeks, you who have convinced me that heroes are not dead, they are born every day. I am on trial, but I know at the end of two years, at the close of my office, I will plead not guilty, and this will be your verdict also, my electors."

This is the spirit which must always win respect for any people, no matter what their origin. In all parts of the world the Jews are speedily living down the prejudice which has for so many centuries existed against them and what they have done is open to all others similarly situated.

Unreasoning antipathy towards races other than our own has still to be reckoned with. A large number of the people of our acquaintance are removed but a light distance from Dickens' Mr. Sapsea, whose strongest disapproval of a man was summed up in saying that he was "un-English." But our sympathies are much wider than they were before we were in so close touch with the

British Political Topics as Mirrored by the Cartoonist

(Published by Special Arrangement with London Punch)



OVERDOING IT
John Bull: "Is that the lot?"



THE PITILESS PHILANTHROPIST
Mr. Lloyd George: "Now understand, I've brought you out to do you good, and good I will do you, whether you like it or not?"

greater part of the world that lies outside our own community, and they must continue to expand. We are coming to understand how much there is that is good in men and women whose ways of life are vastly different from those to which we have been accustomed.

Just at present there is an agitation of large proportions going on at the Coast over the request of the Sikhs who have settled there to bring their wives to Canada. The immigration authorities have kept them out. Mr. Walter Baer, the editor of the Victoria Times, had an article in last week's Canadian Courier, in which he sums up the situation as follows:

"We allow the Chinese to bring his wives so long as he pays the head tax. I know rich Chinese who have six wives in Coast cities. No one interferes with them; they are even then quite as monogamous as some of the Europeans who would legislate them into monogamy. The Japanese may bring his wife—or what is quite different—any kind of a Japanese woman, and no one says him nay. The Sikh who is essentially domestic wants to bring his wife—not wives—and children and set up a hearth stone in his adopted country. The Sikhs are not polygamists. No student of Indian domestic relations will affirm that of any Hindu excepting Mohammedans, and I do not know of any of these though there may be a few in the country. Polygamy is against our laws and it will surely be no more difficult to control the Mohammedan Hindu than it is to control the Mormon."

"The Hindu will, in time, displace the Chinese if he is given equal opportunity and an impartial chance in this country. Why, then, the strenuous objection to his admission? Because it requires a relaxation of a rigorous law and any relaxation of the laws making difficult Asiatic immigration is impossible of tolerance by the labor organizations. These proceed upon the theory that, if the wives of the Hindus are admitted, a precedent will be established and ours will no longer be a 'White Canada.' With a determination to make and keep its right or justice, their perspective is strabismous and their sense of Imperial solidarity is entirely unimpaired."

"It is not a question for politicians; it is a question for statesmen. It is wholly an economic question and as such can never be dissociated from its ethical features. But I must add yet this last word—the Eastern press which stigmatizes the Sikhs by stating that they are polygamists, thieves, libertines, drunkards, lawless or dangerous to society are doing them an injustice which is inspired only by an utter ignorance of the facts. They are no more so than men of white skin and European blood."

The Sikhs themselves have issued this appeal in a publication of their own, called *The Arya*:

"The Occident sends missionaries to preach the Ten Commandments to the people of India. Surely it is time that they were practised in this Christian Canada."

"Among the noblest and bravest of the people of India are the Sikhs, the members of a sect founded by a distinguished reformer, Nanak, who was born near Lahore about 1469. These people are not pagans. They believe in and worship the one true God, they live simple and upright lives and they are men of high character. They were true to the British Crown at the time of the Indian Mutiny, though strongly urged to join the rebels and they have rendered splendid service to the throne on many a field of battle. Indeed Britain owes her position in India to-day in large measure to the fidelity of these brave men. They are our fellow-subjects in our great empire. Some of these people have come to our shores; but what must have been their surprise to find themselves treated as aliens, their wives refused admission to our country, and themselves not accorded the privileges of Italians, Galicians, Doukhobors and other people from foreign lands. A deputation of Sikhs visited Ottawa last November to plead for permission to bring their wives and families to their homes in Canada. It is surely in the interests of morality, as well as humanity, to accede to this request. The problem of the immigration of Orientals is not an easy one, but the brave Sikh, to whom our empire owes so much, is the last man who should be treated with contempt."

This is not easily answered.

When a man expresses himself as doubtful whether the steady advance that Western Canada has seen during the past ten years is to continue without a very serious setback, he is immediately denounced as a croaker, and as having small appreciation of the resources of the country.

This much is certain that there is no reason why progress should not be continuous if the people of Western Canada only use their opportunities properly. But there are conditions that must cause alarm and the effect of which cannot be too strongly impressed.

Mr. George J. Bury, Sir William Whyte's successor in charge of the affairs of the C.P.R. in the West, made a statement the other day that should stimulate thought. Discussing the wheat blockade he said:

"If we are perfectly frank with each other we will have to admit that the development of the country has carried everybody off his feet. The rush of immigration, and the introduction of the gasoline tractor (which enables the farmer to break thirty acres a day) has brought the land under cultivation at a rate unprecedented in the history of the world. Since 1907 the acreage of grain under cultivation has increased 98 per cent."

It may be asked why the terminal space and the second tracks were not available. Speaking of the Canadian Pacific, I would say that during the past eight years we have had every year more money allotted for improvements than we could expend. The men and the material were not available to complete them, although the work was prosecuted with the utmost vigor. During the last eight years we have enlarged and remodelled every terminal on our line from Fort William to Vancouver, inclusive.

"I believe that our most censorious critics wish to be just, and, if so, he can leave those facts out of consideration. If the railway officers are open to any criticism it would be that in their efforts to build new lines for the development of the country they did not concentrate all their efforts on building terminals, and second, third, and fourth tracks. Let it be remembered, however, that the country has called loudly for railway construction, that governments, municipalities and individuals have brought the strongest pressure to bear on the railways in favor of a further construction policy, and that the cry everywhere has been: 'If branch lines are not built the flood of immigration would be checked.'"

"The adoption of mixed farming in large portions of the West seems to me the basic, in fact the only, solution of our troubles. It would arrest the impoverishment of the soil, guard against the possibility of a calamity which might follow two or three successive failures of the wheat crop, and would make this country independent of the day when a great fall in wheat prices might result from the sudden development of Asiatic countries admittedly fertile, which are now inhabited by backward races with primitive institutions."

"I am firmly convinced that if we do not meet this situation now, and induce the farmer to modify his present policy as to wheat growing, there will be a radical and painful readjustment later on, which will strike a damaging blow at our prosperity."

Mr. Bury's argument against the building of branch lines will hardly hold water. We want to get the country opened up as rapidly as possible, and there can hardly be too much immigration of the right kind of people. When these come in and go back long distances from existing railways it is the duty of the country to see that proper railway facilities are brought them.

As to the increase in the size of the spout, to use Sir William Van Horne's famous metaphor, there will soon be less reason to complain of its inadequacy. The C.P.R.'s rivals will look after a large share of the traffic to the Lake and Atlantic ports. But the greatest relief will come with the grades through the mountains which the G.N. route will afford, and the opening up of the P. canal route.

However, the need of a change in agricultural methods is not put a whit too strongly by Mr. We are laying up all kinds of trouble for our by those at present in vogue in the greater country.

A recent visitor of ours, Mr. Frederick Talbot, well-known English journalist, who has written the delightful book entitled, "The New Garden of Eden," describing the country traversed by the C.P., has some striking observations to make in current number of the *World's Work*. He comes to the defence of the British farmer. The Canadian and the American have been set up as a how the calling should be practised. Things the man from the Old Land has taught them by carrying agricultural rational lines to which he has been accustomed.

"The Western Canadian agricultural rise to the occasion," declares Mr. Talbot, "are springing upon all sides and they are increasing daily. Yet one and all scarcity of fresh vegetables. Edmonton thousands could consume twice the quantity of commodities that at present is available. Garden produce is only available to those in a financial position to pay the high price demanded; those whose purses are slender rest content with canned substitutes."

"The Western Canadian makes no effort this demand. He is content to win the money from the soil with the minimum on his part, and regards the truck garden as a means to supply something of every commodity with pity, ignoring the fact that the latter is certain to attain the more enviable position of agricultural ineptitude and laziness."

Continued on Page 4

15 YEARS A DYSPETIC

Forced to Live on Stale Bread and
Putrified.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" CURED HIM

AVONDALE, N. B., October, 15th.
"I have been a great sufferer from
Indigestion for fifteen years. I was
forced to deny myself all such hearty
foods as beans, meats, potatoes and
could not drink tea or coffee. For the
past two years, I lived on porridge,
stale bread, etc. I had treatment from
two doctors, and tried nearly every
kind of medicine, but got worse."
"Finally I saw a testimonial of
"Fruit-a-tives" and concluded to give
them a trial. I took nearly four boxes
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and am no longer constipated."

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Government of the Province of
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NOTICE TO STEAM ENGINEERS.

Notice is hereby given that
examinations will be held at the
undermentioned places by Mr.
David Fraser, a duly appointed
Inspector of Steam Boilers for
the Province of Alberta.
Strathcona, March 2; Orange Hall,
Edson, March 6; Grand Pacific
Hotel,
Stony Plain, March 8; Blsmark
Hotel,
Vernon, March 11; Morinville
Hotel,
Waskatchewan, March 13;
Hudson Hotel,
Hinton, April 1; Hourston's
Hotel, March 14, for the purpose
of examining Engineers and Appren-
tices for the purpose of qualifying
Certificates under the provi-
sions of the Steam Boilers Act.

Persons not already registered
in the Province who desire Appli-
cation Forms may obtain same by
writing to the Department, or
above named Inspector, and
Application Form must be
properly filled out, witnessed and
declared to before a Commissioner
of Justice or the Peace before
an examination can be granted.
JOHN STOCKS,
Deputy Minister,
Department of Public Works,
Edmonton, Alta. 8-3



A LADIES' REFERENDUM

(A bachelor, on becoming engaged, invites the
approval of his women friends.)
Ladies, your verdict! By your leave I wish you
To fill this form (enclosed), wherein is set
A question on a very vital issue
Touching the case of my fair Henriette
(The party, Mr. Ed.,
Whom I particularly want to wed).

Briefly, I rely on your inscrutable
Instinct for seeing through your sex and kind,
Is she—I put it to you—quite a suitable
Companion for the subtle sort of mind?
Is she, or is she not,
Qualified for the post—to share my lot?

You know my taste, in virtues as in claret;
Well, will she make a satisfactory bride?
Is she pure gold, or only fifteen carats,
Sound to the core, or simply fair outside,
This Henriette (or Harry)
Whom I particularly want to marry?

Ladies, you well deserve this referendum,
For, when I chose, I had your charms in view,
Could I have seen that she contrived to blend 'em,
Had they not struck my notice first in you?
Her gifts your own recall,
And, wedding her, I seem to wed you all!

Kindly confirm my choice and you enhance her.
If possible, in my profound esteem
But if, upon the other hand, your answer
Should throw discouragement on love's young
dream,
Then hold me not to blame
If I proceed to wed her just the same.

For it is you (not she) are on your trial;
This is a test case meant to prove your worth;
And if she balks of your pronouncement
That she is far the nicest thing on earth,
Such verdict will denote
That you are still unfit to have the Vote.
—O.S. in Pouch.

What did you think of it: what of him?
No, no, you must not ask me what.
There was only one "it" last week, one "him."
Now listen to what I have heard to date.
It was maudlin.
It was the most beautiful sermon ever preached.
It was vulgar.
It was a lesson we might all of us take to heart.
It was too deep.
It was too shallow.
It was life.
It was an absolute travesty.
It wasn't a play at all.
Jerome K. Jerome was all froth and superficiality.
It was the finest thing I ever witnessed.
One of the Supreme Court judges would rather
have seen "The Earl of Pawtucket."
He wished he had given us "Hamlet" instead.
Now what, by all that is sensible, can one make
out of it all?
How can ever a play, answer to so many utterly
diverse descriptions?
It is all very simple when you think it out—
merely "people." There's your solution.
The difference in the works of you and me who are
so like—two eyes, a nose, and a mouth.

The Ways of Destiny

By Newton A. Fuesse in Hampton's Magazine.

La Touche Pontchartrain and the fair Levantia
got married on fine April afternoon in New York.
The journey to the courthouse for the license and
the ceremony occurred after they had taken luncheon
together at a little Italian restaurant in Twenty-
third Street. The marriage was due to no specific
malice aforethought on the part of the young man
or the young woman either. It was an inspiration,
brought on by Chopin, chianti and Chaminade—
along with the potent yet undefinable feeling of
romance which goes trickling through New York
when March has melted into April.

The youth's name proclaims a fine old ancestral
lineage, a noble kith and kin, and not inconsiderable
wealth scattered back through the coffers of his
forefathers. But alas for La Touche, he had been
born out in Nebraska, of poor but honest parents,
had managed to struggle through a mildly unpre-
tententious state university to his coveted degree and
had invaded New York with little besides a scant
wardrobe and a trunkful of oft-rejected manuscripts.
From this the intelligent reader gathers that La
Touche had despoiled upon such fame as that of O.
Henry, Henry James, or James M. Barrie.

The dainty Levantia was an art student, and had
been stirred by a certain feeling of hero-worship
on the day she met La Touche for the first time.
It was at an afternoon tea—not necessarily pink—

So unlike—in our estimate of everything from a
pretty face, to what constitutes character.
Of course I think you are shockingly lacking in
that you don't see eye to eye with me in this mat-
ter.

And no doubt you have your own opinion of
my lack of intelligence, in being so impressed with
the passing of him of the Third Floor Back.
Let us continue by all manner of means to dis-
agree.

Life, if we were all of one mind, would be an
empty waste.

I much prefer it fancying myself superior to you,
and smiling at you, as you look pitiably down upon
me.

With him who called it "sordid," however, I have
a bone to pick.

What had you, a Boarding House. Filled with
the conglomeration of characters who as long as
boarding houses are boarding houses, will still be
the same. "He" may not be a Major, but almost
certainly he will have "seen service" at one time
or another.

Your "slavery" will be there puzzling the "why"
of things.

Miss Kite, oh Miss Kite will surely not be ab-
sent—there are so pitiful many of her, all over the
world.

Harry Larkum is as inevitable as the flowers that
bloom in the spring.

The landlady—of necessity—the lovers—sakes
alive, yes!

Oh, but the list is in duplicate in more or less
numbers—in any lodging house you can pick at
will.

Human nature is human nature the world over.
Lodging houses have no option on it.

You were there, though you may live in your
own brown-store front.

I too, caught my reflection.
But I could see you so much better than I could
see myself—so could you, me.

Funny wasn't it?
I saw you gathered around the tea table that first
night.

How natural your catty "dear" sounded in my
ears!

I heard you as you made that insinuating speech
about me being "a cousin to a baronet," and "having
worked hard to collar rich Joseph Wright."

I know you so well, my dear, that I could ap-
preciate you.

When you stole that chair from Mrs. Tompkins
I almost called you by name. Did you recognize
me?

I don't think so, but I said something
about our "being a rotten lot generally"—and what's
the good of us—What's the use of us anyway?

Often Miss Kite may have deceived you into
imagining that I was her. Sometimes I had to
pinch myself to convince myself that she was she,
and not I.

Did you pinch yourself?
Not many of you—not those I have seen since,
I gather.

We have had such fun picking out "our friends";
haven't we?
Sordid!

Is life a mountain top, all pure air, and above
the clouds?

You too, dear men, I know—I saw you.

Continued on Page Four

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THE WAYS OF DESTINY

Continued From Page Two

so much crass coin.)
"Will you let me see some of your manuscripts
some time before they send them away?" Levantia
made hold to continue. (Note: She said it with
breath duly bated.)

"Surely," answered the writer, his thoughts di-
vided between the Eighth Avenue pawnshop, neighbor-
hood and Levantia's harp-sweet voice.

"Oh, thank you so much! When?" she asked
softly.
La Touche made a series of rapid mental calcu-
lations. Then he said: "Why not have dinner
with me to-morrow? I know of the quaintest little
cafe in the world over on the East Side. It's
different from anything I've ever seen. It's a
Hungarian place."

"Wouldn't that be just lovely?" said Levantia
with quickening pulse.
Long before dinner next day was over, La Touche
Ponchartrain was thoroughly in love. Like Levan-
tia. When one is twenty-four the delicate ma-
chinery of the grand passion leaps precipitately into
motion.

Levantia was a blonde. She was neither strava-
ger nor bottle, and you may take your choice of
the remaining varieties. She wore a French crea-
tion hat with a peck-a-low brim. Seen through
the latter, a pair of gray, liquid, magnetic eyes,
flashing at once with artistic temperament and un-
disguised affection, are certain to lash any youth
to the mainmast of the ship of love, and to make
him indulge himself then and there in declarations
of a deathless devotion.

But let us on. The story began with Chopin,
chianti and the jingle of wedding bells. So let
us catch up with the tale and daily no longer with
the period of courtship. Suffice it to say that the
latter was swift, ardent, resolute and furious. Truths
are quickly plighted in these latter days, and a
plodding emotional marathon is but a modern
Manhattanite.

Two weeks later.
Scene: A diminutive apartment up in Morning-
side. Dramatic personae: La Touche and Levan-
tia.

"My dear," said La Touche gravely, "our finances
are strictly on the bum."

"Meaning?" inquired Levantia absently, as she
continued sewing up the torn finger of her glove.

La Touche counted out four dollar bills, one
quarter, two dimes and three pennies.
"Four dollars and forty-eight cents," he said so-
berly, "is left of the one hundred dollars we had
when we added you to the Ponchartrain family.
I have seventeen stories on the road, thirty-seven
pieces of hopeless gibberish in my trunk, three
manuscripts under revision, two uncompleted, and
one fairly decent plot in mind."

"Say, La Touche!" exclaimed Levantia, gazing
fixedly at her husband.

"What is it, dear?" asked he.
"I've just made a discovery. In this light your
hair actually has a golden tinge!"

"I wish my wallet would catch the infection,"
said La Touche gloomily.

"Forgive me for interrupting," added Levantia.
"How much money did you say we had left?"

"Four forty-eight. If some editor doesn't get
softening of the brain pretty soon and hand a batch
of my dope, believe me, I'm going to get a job in
a department store!"

"My dear, how foolish you talk," said Levantia
reprovingly. "And you mustn't call your stories
'dope,' silly. You write the loveliest stories in the
world. Some day the editors are bound to recognize
it, and then you'll simply be swamped with
orders for more stories."

"I don't know," said La Touche gloomily. "I
seem to be losing the knack. I thought it would be
easy sailing after I had sold Black's Magazine that
year for \$100 the day we got married. But what
have they done but turn down five stories of mine
since then? This game is a fright. I wish I were
a grocer. What at least he is able to eat."

"One pound of sugar, please," said Levantia.
"I wish I were, on the level," continued La
Touche moodily.

"Do you love me?" asked Levantia irrelevantly.
"It was either the eighteenth or the thirty-first
time that day that she had propounded the interrogatory
—I forget which."

La Touche stepped over to her chair and kissed
her.

"Isn't it just great to be married!" murmured
Levantia. "By the way," she added, "I've got
three perfectly good hats that I can sell if it comes
to a show down. I don't need them."

"We won't worry," said La Touche. "This coin
will keep us going for a few days and something's
bound to drop in that time. Where shall we go
for dinner—Delmonico's or the Knickerbocker? I
yearn for bodily sustenance."

"Let us away toward the rising sun," replied Levan-
tia. "You Hungarian on the East Side for ours.
I crave not the gilded salon."

(The foregoing topographical symbols represent
a series of kisses of farewell—to their apartment—
as La Touche and Levantia set out for their dinner.)
Lighting a Colorado maduro after desert, coffee
and cordial, La Touche said: "Remember me to
pick up a copy of the Cosmopolitan Magazine on our
way home, dear. My story 'The Missing Maid' is
in the current number, you know. I hope that the
dear public survives and that the worthy maga-
zine's subscription list doesn't suffer too severe a
slump."

"La Touche!" reproved Levantia.
"Fifteen cents is a big sum to appropriate for
light reading," continued La Touche. "Any tract
society would sell me a Bible for half the money.
But I crave sight of that line in print."

"We'll certainly get it," acquiesced Levantia. "It's
one of the cleverest things you have ever done.
I've never read a better detective story in my life,
and I have read a lot. You and Doyle diligently.
Do you remember, dear, that that was the story
you let me see the manuscript of in this very place
the day after we first met over at the studio?"

"The same," rejoined the author. He summoned
the waiter and paid the bill.

That evening Levantia and La Touche sat be-

neath the soft light in their little parlor, their heads
close together, and read "The Missing Maid."

"I have a feeling, somehow," said Levantia, when
they were through, "that this story is going to
mean a lot for you. I believe it is going to be a
stepping stone for you to something big. It is
sure to attract attention. You'll be famous."

"Thanks, milady," replied La Touche, putting his
arm around her. "I certainly hope so. I've simply
got to be getting a decent income. You know,
you must resume your art studies at the League
just as soon as possible."

The next day there was a council of war in the
Ponchartrain apartments. Forty cents' worth of
groceries and thirty-five cents' worth of various
dishes of edibles from the delicatessen lay on the
table in the council chamber.

"This junk has got to last until I can raise some
money," averred La Touche. (When one "avers,"
rather than merely "says," one is conscious of the
grim truth in his statement.)

"Yes, dearest," replied Levantia with the obedient
ton of domesticity. "But don't forget that I have
several perfectly good hats that I might just as
well sell," she added with quiet valor.

"I think I can shake down old Brown of Black's
for some money on some of my stuff," put in La
Touche. "I'm going to put it up to him strong this
afternoon."

"What's the matter with my trying to sell some
of my water sketches?" demanded Levantia.

"No," said La Touche decisively, "we'd better
save the carfare for my own journey's downtown."

"Do you think my painting wouldn't sell?" asked
Levantia in hurt tones.

"Sell! Why, my dear, the dealers would simply
start a stampede in this direction if they had the
slightest idea you were thinking of putting any of
your water colors on the market. That isn't the
question at all. Do you suppose I would let you
rustle the coin for this family? Never! If that
outlandish given name of mine doesn't enable me
to make a touch somewhere, I'm going to turn
thug. As for peddling pictures, believe me it's no
job for a white girl."

La Touche returned home late that afternoon.
His look of gloom advertised the fact that he re-
turned without hostages or hope.

"I bring neither coin nor chattels," he said, giving
Levantia a tired kiss. Old Brown wasn't in. The
readers said they hadn't had a chance to look at
any of my stuff. Can you beat it? Can you beat it?
What's that you've got pasted on the window?"

"I've been washing a few handkerchiefs. We
must cut down expenses. Laundry bills must go.
Kiss me again, hubby."

Hubby obeyed.

"Listen, dear," he said, disengaging himself.
"We've got just fifteen cents left. To-morrow I'm
going out and start something. I'm going to show
some of these editors where to head in. They've
simply got to come to time. Their outlandish
system of keeping a story for three or four weeks
is a crime. Have we sufficient viands for break-
fast?"

"We have oceans of viands. In addition to
breakfast, we'll have at least enough left over for
luncheon."

At noon the following day La Touche returned
home to find Levantia absently reading "Para-
dise Regained."

"It's a mistake," he said grimly. "You guessed
wrong. Dante's 'Inferno' would be more like it.
We are fooled again. Old Brown has got pneu-
monia, and here are eight more down yards. How
many hats did you say you had?"

(I don't know but that this is the psychological
moment for something to happen—well, say a sud-
den ringing of the door bell.)

"There's the bell," said La Touche. "Suppose it's
the postman. There may possibly be a check from
that Chicago magazine. They've had three of my
yarns for over two weeks, you know."

He descended hopefully to the letter box, returned
after a moment of suspense on the part of Levantia.
"Some damn fool—" he began.

"Forgive me, dear. Some poor deluded yep, who
has read my yarn 'The Missing Maid' wants to
see me about something or other down at the Astor.
Here's his letter. Nothing in the box but this fool
thing. See what you make out of it."

He handed Levantia the letter. She read:
My dear Mr. Ponchartrain:

I have just read your very remarkable story "The
Missing Maid" in the Cosmopolitan Magazine. I
should like very much to see you at your earliest
convenience, if you can spare the time. If you
can arrange it, will you not drop in and see me at
the Astor some afternoon of this week?

Very truly yours,
James Holladay.

"I knew that 'The Missing Maid' was going to
attract attention!" exclaimed Levantia. "I've told
you so all along."

"I can't see where this chap Holladay is going
to get us anywhere," rejoined La Touche without
enthusiasm. "I can't place him. At all events he
is not a magazine man. I can recite the names of
all the editors and publishers backward. More
than fifty hats did some wild-eyed celebrity-chaser
who wants my autograph. I'll charge him fifty
dollars a word if he is. But seriously, Levantia, I
don't see that it's worth while bothering with him
at all."

"La Touche, don't be silly," interrupted Levantia.
"I've had a feeling all along that something was
going to come of that story. You go straight down
to the Astor and see this man. You can't tell—
he may be a millionaire, planning to start a maga-
zine and wanting to buy up all the stories you
write in the future."

"I have nothing but a lone nickel, you know,"
answered La Touche. "If it's a hum hunch, it will
be a long way back here on foot."

"It can't be a hum hunch! I've had a feeling all
along that something was going to come of that
story."

There is no use arguing with a woman. There-
fore La Touche took his hat and walking stick and
saluted forth.

Half an hour later the telegraph at the Astor was
transmitting a scribbled name to the operator on

Continued on Page Five

SKETCH OF LATE

FRED STIMSON

A Pioneer Alberta Rancher.

(Montreal Herald.)

A large, vivid, warm and pic-
turesque man, and a really human
man, is lost to view in the recent
death of Mr. Fred Stimson, who,
spacious and elemental himself,
found in the North West in its
early days something in its illimi-
tability to correspond to uncon-
ventional desire.

Many Montrealeers will miss the
large and glowing personality
which was wont to make irruption
from the west, giving a fillip to
the faded life of the coast.

Six foot tall, broad of shoulder,
well set up, with the tan of the
prairie on his neck, with something
irresistibly winning in the mobile
mouth and keen blue eye, Mr.
Stimson, or "Fred," as he was most
famously called, was the life of
the social circle when he left the
broad space which he loved, and
came east.

The porters at the St. James
Club used to complain that when
"Fred," as he was most familiarly
called, was the life of the social
circle when he left the broad space
which he loved, and came east.

The porters at the St. James
Club used to complain that when
"Fred" Stimson was in town the
members forgot their dinners in
listening to his stories—stories of
the large and unconfined life of
the west, which had lured him
when a young man, and which he
loved to the end.

Not that Mr. Stimson never
wanted to come east; but business
matters brought him on once in
awhile. And to glance at him was
to recognize the lover of the open,
the air and sunshine.

The lure of the West early drew
Mr. Stimson from his beautiful
home in Compton, Riverview.
There he had been brought up;
there he had intimate friendship
with the late Hon. John Henry
Pone, who lived at Hillhurst, and
there he might have lingered, but
for the "wanderlust."

A Pioneer Rancher

Mr. Stimson was one of the
pioneers of the ranching business.

He went out in 1879, and leased
250,000 acres from the govern-
ment of Sir John Macdonald.
"Pekisko"—"Many Hills" was the
name of the place, sixty-five miles
south of Calgary, and 35 miles
from High River.

He formed the North West Cat-
tle Company, of which he became
managing director. He went to
Montana and drove himself, with
the assistance of his cowboys, his
first lot of cattle to the leased
land, riding all the way himself—
a superb horseman as he had been
all his life.

Of the total amount of land,
the company bought outright 18,-
000 acres. There he erected his
bungalow; there he entertained
most of the important Britishers
and others who visited the prairies
in the early days before the advent
of the C.P.R.

Lords and dukes and earls have
been entertained beneath his hospi-
table roof. If the place was full,
he threw down buffalo skins on
the floor for his guests. He moun-
ted them with bronchos; he kept
open house; he made them in love
with the life; and his place was
ever free from guests.

In a word, he kept open house
the year around. His heart was
large; he planned for others; he
was only happy when communi-
cating happiness to others.

There, for nearly twenty-five
years, he led the life of the open,
riding all day, entertaining his
friends; sharing his cattle by the
C.P.R. when that line came in.

The buffalo roamed the plains.
The lakes and rivers were full of
fish and frequented by ducks. The
life was wild and free and breezy.
Mr. Stimson loved it.

A Rio Chief of the Blackfoot.

The Blackfoot Indians would do
anything for the Rio fellow, who
was kind to them. He learned their
language; he gave them food. He
let them roam over his ranch, and
when he was remunerated with
by the other ranchers, said that as
long as he had a ranch the Indians
would come on it.

In return for his kindness, the
Indians, at an impressive cere-
mony, made him Rio Chief, and
on him a war headdress which
represented features of eleven peoples.
"Fred" was so much in this cere-
mony with all the splendor of a

Continued on Page Five



Western Canada's most successful eyesight specialist, who located in Edmonton some months ago is now in a position to command a very extensive practice.

Edward F. Webb, D. O., has been making one of the most remarkable successes in the optical profession known to Western Canada. Born in Chicago and graduating from the primary schools, Mr. Webb succeeded in passing with honors the requirements of three high class colleges showing the thorough work of which he has proven himself master. To express in simple words what a young man can do to become an expert in any particular science, is best illustrated by the life of Edward F. Webb, who is demonstrating to the world a vivid model of a self-made man.

After many years of struggle with technical and ten successful years of a practical career, his merits are an assurance of him becoming a promising citizen and benefactor to all who require his services. His professional manner and business ability are of a standard of quality, and the most striking features of this specialist's ability is not only the perfect results of his work, but also the ingenious arrangement of his offices which seem only another merit to his credit of systematic thoroughness and competency as the head-line suggests a most successful eyesight specialist.

Lovers of clean, clever comedy will be glad to know that on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week at the Empire, William Hawtrey and his notable company of London players will be seen in the three-act comedy "Dear Old Billy." This piece comes here almost direct from Chicago, where it has just closed a run of nearly four months. The critics of that city have been unanimous in praise of the comedy, and the presenting company is spoken of as being one of the best organizations seen in Chicago in many years.

The central figure is that of William Smith, played by Mr. Hawtrey, a genial, kindly old gentleman, who, seeking to escape the tongue of a nagging wife, who has domineered over him for twenty years, has sought relief in legal separation. He is to pay her seven hundred and fifty pounds annually, and she is not to annoy him or interfere with him in any way, and not even to make known their relationship. He goes to the se shore for a much needed rest; coincidentally she goes to the same resort, and, while keeping to the letter of the agreement, she also takes advantage of the fact that there is no stipulation to prevent her being where he is, and she manages to be very much in evidence whenever her husband is forced into an embarrassing situation, which is quite frequently, owing to the unsought attentions of over-solicitous women, who insist upon showering favors on Dear Old Billy.

The company appearing with Mr. Hawtrey comprises such well-known players as E. H. Kelly, formerly with Sir Henry Irving; G. Stewart Christie, formerly leading man with Bertha Kalisch; Bernard Fairfax, formerly with John Drew's company; Harry Redding, formerly leading juvenile with William Faversham; Earl King, formerly with Miss May Irwin; Miss Cassie Jamieson, formerly with Beerbohm Tree; Miss Ruth Tomlinson, formerly with Miss Mary Manning's company; Miss Laura Clement, for the past three seasons with Miss Billie Burke, and Miss Winnifred Kingston.

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THE MIRROR

Continued from Page 2

You, Harry, I recognized on the instant. You are the good fellow, "the jolly good fellow," familiar to every club and drawing room.

In our world you never quite "get there," but boys who remember you at school, and later the men about town, speak a bit lovingly of you, after you have "passed by."

You generally go by a nickname, and fathers and mothers keep a little special corner of their hearts reserved for you.

You mostly have "a way with you," laughing eyes, and a corner on the sunshine of a room.

The Thompkins, Major and wife, presented a spectacle, alas, too familiar in every walk in life. They are symbolical of those people who, owing to a false standard, live beyond their means, and drift into the hell of family jangles, unpaid bills, and finally of absolute hatred. So little at bottom stands between. Nothing that a little talk, a little common sense, and a little self-abnegation could not set right. That anyone should hold back that word, should let such a foolish thing as false pride stand between!

Is it not pitiful?

As remembrance and the old love overlook the Major, you will recollect the chivalrous attentions of the boy came back to him quite naturally. Women think so much of these little things. I wonder that men ever come to neglect them.

In a city such as Edmonton, "the Jew" of the boarding house should preach a sermon not easily misunderstood.

He is the man who sees us coming. He who lays in wait for the unwary. It may be a subdivision, or a gold mine he has to unload. He lives by his wits, and ply, or the morality of a deal, never enters into his heart or heart.

He sells his honor, his race and his country for a son. It is not a Jewish characteristic; it is, if one may say it, the besetting sin of the business world to-day.

The Snob I had almost forgotten. She bore a strangely familiar look. I constantly see men and women usurping the role.

Some are cynics looking down on the common, everyday world and its people, with contempt. Others, after a birth and breeding not truly theirs. Still others look low to those they imagine above them.

It is all the same snobbery, though, and equally despicable and unworthy.

I have known many "Joey Wrights" in my day, praise be!

They represent the unexpected good and unselfishness that crops out in unsuspected places. I knew a jockey once—clever little dandy—bad, as many of his kind often are—ah, but I could tell you a story about him that would put hundreds of your smooth, successful, Sunday-Go-to-Meeting sons down and out for shame.

It is the same with almost every character who passed in and out of Mrs. Sharpe's boarding house. All are familiar figures. They are not snobish. They are real flesh and blood people, and you know it, and I know it.

That was my reason for liking them. I am a realist. I love life.

I love my life. "Ah, but think of Forbes Robertson in Shakespeare," you say!

It is not that I cannot imagine how wonderful he would be in some of the Master's great roles that I still say, give me "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." It is because, as I said before, I am more interested in something that I can take home to my own life.

Long after "Hamlet" would have been consigned to the House of Beautiful Memories, I shall remember the tenant of the Third Floor Back. He can not pass my way too often. I only for a night he made me think kinder thoughts.

If only for a space he has awakened some youthful ideals in great danger of being smothered. Is a play that does this sordid, or merely melodramatic?

Cynicism and carping criticism are cheap nowadays.

In a world of struggling men and women they have no place.

We need to be simpler. We need to take to heart the lesson our children teach us when they say: "I will be good, I want to be good now."

For, because we see so much hypocritical goodness, so much posing for effect, we are grown ashamed of wanting to be good, to be kind, to be natural. Forbes-Robertson himself is enthusiastic over the play.

I can well imagine that he does no play-acting in it. He walks through the part, as he walks through life. He has high ideals; he is an optimist.

I went over to hear him, through Prof. Broadus's kindness, speak before the University Dramatic Club on Friday afternoon.

It was a fine address. A ringing call to arms for a better appreciation of the beauty of the English language, and the proper use of it, by not only members of Dramatic Clubs, but English-speaking people the world over.

He referred to the so-called decadence of present-day acting and plays, and told us that as a matter of fact, plays were never better and acting, if it suffered from the lack of great outstanding figures, was never on as high a general plane as at the present time; to then and Shaw's influence he paid a splendid tribute.

Afterwards, in the library, around the tea-table, the students and friends invited to be present, met him and had the privilege of a personal chat with him.

The actor and the man are one. What Forbes-Robertson would do under a certain train of circumstances makes Forbes-Robertson do behind the footlights.

Realism and naturalness to him are Art.

Henry Irving was a strong exponent of quite the opposite theory. Prof. Broadus, on tendering him a vote of thanks for his address, paid him a graceful compliment. He said that whereas in the past perhaps they had suffered from having a proper standard by which to guide themselves in speaking, henceforth they would have no further difficulty.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson had opened to them a

gate disclosing a new and beautiful garden, the garden of the English language. What had seemed weeds now bloomed as flowers. This may be a figurative way of expressing how Prof. Broadus put it, but it is the general idea.

At the meeting I noticed Mrs. Bulyea, the Premier's wife, and Mrs. Clark Dennis, while the University staff and representatives from Alberta College, were out in full force. As I lay down my pen I can hear the Passer-By holding forth on how beautiful life may be in even the commonest surroundings. I can hear Stasia exclaiming, "What's the good of us?"

I am going to make an effort to find out.

Peggy

JASPERS NOTE BOOK

Continued from Page 1

will talk to you for hours about wheat and the high profits it brings. When you turn to him and enquire why he stakes his existence on wheat he shrugs his shoulders and dismisses the enquiry with a smile at your ingenuitiness. He will not confess that he grows wheat because it is the easiest thing to raise under existing conditions, makes no call upon his skill, demands the minimum of effort, and enables him to have about eight months' holiday during the year.

In another instance, when visiting a farmer's ranch with true Western hospitality, I was invited to tea, or rather supper. It was a strange menu, certainly appetizing, but noteworthy for the fact that, with the exception of the meat and fish, everything had arrived upon the table via the canning factory. The butter came from Nova Scotia in its familiar red tin, the milk was condensed, the vegetables were fine examples of the canner's skill, and the fruit was the same. Seeing that our host possessed such a large farm, I enquired as to why he did not raise the requirements for his table. His reply was characteristic, "When the grain's in, I'm off South for the winter."

"The situation was quite different when I met British farmers at work in the Qu'Appelle Valley, around Saskatoon and Edmonton. They clung to their farms through thick and thin throughout the whole year. A visitor to them was just as busy a period as the summer, for when the snow was down the stock demanded greater attention. One showed me large stores of fine potatoes which he was holding through the winter for the rise in price in the spring. The British farmer, if he takes a holiday, selects the summer months, when his holding requires the minimum of attention. One or two of these agriculturists were contemplating intensive culture both as it is practiced in France with the clothes and at Worthing in the south of England. There should be great scope for such enterprise, and the initial outlay would be recouped in a very short while.

"The Britisher should by no means neglect wheat, but at the same time he should not stake his entire existence upon the cereal. If results are summed up it will be found, acre for acre, that mixed farming is the more profitable, though naturally the vegetables demand more and continuous attention. Stock raising is highly promising. The Swift Company of Chicago erected a large packing factory at Edmonton in anticipation of a large supply of hogs, which, instead of being shipped to the American stockyards, could be handled on the spot. The plant is modern in every respect, but it is still waiting the day when it will be running at full capacity.

"All through the West among officials and authorities competent to give a true and a loud cry for the British farmer with his comprehensive experience, methods, knowledge, and practical agricultural skill. It is admitted that the Britisher can get almost twice as much out of an acre of land with but little more effort as the Western Canadian or American farmer. At first the Canadian Westerner laughed at such a possibility, but when he learned through official returns that whereas he only netted 25 bushels or so from the acre of wheat as compared with about 35 by his British rival in the homeland, he had to accept the inevitable. It also comes as a shock to his pride to learn that France, where the agriculturist is found perhaps at his best, raises twice as much wheat per annum as the whole of Canada, although its area is less than that of the Province of Ontario and its population is twenty times as large.

"The fact is that the Western farmer is extremely insular. He is suffering from an acute attack of what cannot be called otherwise than "swelled head." The only potion which is capable of alleviating this malady is a greater influx of Britishers to practise in the Great West the same principles that have been in vogue for so many centuries at home. The British farmer has never had such an opportunity to emphasize his superiority in Canada, in the vast territory lying between the Great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains than prevails to-day. The choicest land at his disposal, for it has been overlooked by the much-vaunted native contemporary. A billiard-table plain, where he can set his steam plough to drive a furrow for thirty miles in a straight line is the limit of his ambition.

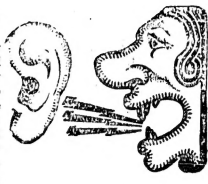
Canada is running to seed; the last Great West about which so much is heard is in danger of being involved in a cataclysm. The first set-back in prosperity will provoke an army of "calamity howlers" from the ranks of those to whom the Goddess of Fortune extended a warm reception in the first instance, but who turned them down because of incapacity and wasteful methods. The situation can be saved only by the introduction and assimilation of Old Country ideas. The British farmer in Western Canada has little to learn, but he has a mighty lot to teach the man already in possession."

The truth of this we all know. But it is so familiar that we have become indifferent. There is too much skimming the cream and then getting out of the country to be for the country's good. The process cannot go on indefinitely. We see it in the city as well as out on the land. It is appalling that a land of such possibilities cannot be spared the consequences that are inevitable, if all this continues unchecked.

LISTEN

To my advice and you will not go wrong

I have advised many of my clients in the past to buy real estate in this city, and they have followed my advice to their material gain. I have some excellent opportunities to invest capital where it will wax and make the investor wealthy. Many of the large fortunes in the eastern cities have been made by the owners buying when the cities were but towns, and holding for the increase. Would you not do likewise? No person ever had a better opportunity.



\$2500. Inglewood, block 15, double corner, half cash.
\$1300. Inglewood, block 53, half cash.
\$1100. Jasper Place, blk. 123, \$600 cash.
\$300 each. N. Jasper Place, block 30, 9 lots, 1-3 cash.
\$1875. Groat, block 46, half cash.
\$4500. Groat, double corner, block 25, \$2000 cash.
\$2500. Groat, block 50, 27th st., half cash.
\$1500. Glenora, block 75, half cash.
\$5000. Strathcona, block 174 8-roomed house, \$3300 cash.
\$1350. Windsor Park, block 13, 1-3 cash, 1 and 2 yrs.
\$350. Elm Park, block 5, \$175 cash.
\$1800 cash. Groat Estate, block 48, or \$1900 terms, half cash.
\$6000. Groat, 2 lots, block 23, 24th St., half cash.
\$600. Hemphriggs, block 7, 1-3 cash.
\$600. Norwood, block 87, half cash.
\$775 each. Norwood, block 62, 3 lots, half cash.
\$630. Norwood, block 70, \$200 cash.
\$5000. First St., Norwood, \$2900 cash.

\$725 each. Lorne St., Norwood, 2 lots, half cash.
\$4100. Alberta Ave., Norwood, double corner, \$2100 cash.
\$3500. 100 feet on Boulevard, half cash, 6, 12, 18 months.
\$3500. Alberta Ave., Evanston, 2 lots, block 1, half cash.
\$2500. H.B.R., block 14, 1-3 cash.
\$3200. H.B.R., block 15, 16th St., \$1800 cash.
\$1500. Cromdale, 2 lots, blk 7, \$800 cash.
\$600. Parkdale, block 115, half cash.
\$1000. Parkdale, block 97, 101 feet, half cash.
\$325 each. Delton, 7 lots, block 37, half cash.
1200. Dominion Park, one acre, block 3, half cash.
\$2200. River View, double corner, block 2, half cash.
\$1500. Westerville, Block 7, 2 lots, \$950 cash.
\$6500. H.B.R., block 13, house and barn, corner, \$3500 cash, balance 1 and 2 years.
\$250. Lauderdale, Block 4 \$1900 cash.
\$350. Belvedere, corner lot, block 5, half cash, or \$275 all cash.
\$500. Belvedere, block 19, half cash, double corner.
GRAVEL. 160 acres of land containing good lot of gravel.

F. FRASER TIMS

120 MacDougall Avenue

Phone 4265

Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

Music and Drama

One does not use a whit too strong language in saying that the production of "The Mikado" at the Empire Theatre on Thursday evening was the best all-round operatic performance ever given in Edmonton. This is true with respect to professional as well as amateur effort. None of Gilbert and Sullivan's works stand so well the test of time.

The humor is as fresh to-day as ever, and the tuneful numbers still have all their power to please. What amateur operatic effort has lacked in Edmonton in the past has been a good comedian. Mr. David L. Robinson was already well known as a most talented actor, his work with the Dramatic Club in various roles being worthy of any stage. But it was something new for him to be prancing about in such a part as that of Ko-Ko, the Lord High Executioner, and the success with which he carried it out was a delight. He was exceedingly amusing throughout. The variations which he introduced were very original, and the numerous local references all went home. One would have to travel far to see a more genuinely humorous characterization. His responses to the encores of "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring" evoked great enthusiasm.

Miss Jessie Potter was admirably cast as Yum-Yum. She was a charming figure and sang and acted with great spirit. The moon song at the opening of the second act, the kissing duet with Nanki-Poo and the "Here's a pretty mess" trio were distinct features. Miss Dorothy Howland as Pitti-Sing, took the part most gracefully, while Miss Prothero made the third of the very attractive trio of little maids from school.

Miss Seymour, as always, was a tower of strength to the production as Katisha.

Mr. H. G. Turner made the most of fine solos that fall to the lot of Nanki-Poo. His "Wandering Minstrel" was encored over and over again. Mr. B. H. Peeps was a sufficiently pompous Pooh-Bah while, Mr. H. G. Lasdown's Fish Tush was fully in keeping with the sprightly work which he has done on similar occasions in the past. Mr. Foster as the Mikado sang well, but indistinct enunciation deprived the audience of the benefit of much of the fine humor of his lines.

Mr. Vernon Barford conducted and the whole production was in the way of a personal triumph for him. The orchestra was a strong one and rendered the best of support. The costuming, which was in the hands of Mr. Sidney Bartlett of Edmonton, and the staging would have been hard to improve upon.

Continued on Page 8

THE INVESTOR

The Edmonton Board of Trade, in view of the fact that some of the business carried on in so-called town and city subdivisions is nothing but swindling, has passed a resolution calling upon the Alberta Legislature to get after the issuers of maps and charts to beguile dollars out of the pockets of innocent investors.

The trouble is, of course, that no Provincial legislation can deal effectively with such swindling operations.

Not specially in Edmonton, perhaps less there than elsewhere, wild cat real estate propositions are being offered by means of glowing advertising, which in many cases is gross and deliberate misrepresentation of the facts.

Such advertising is not done in local publications, but appeals to those too far away to know the facts.

It is only by chance that it comes to the attention of people on the spot, to their astonishment and indignation.

It is not plain what can be done by local legislation to check the prevailing orgy of speculation in so-called city lots.

If a man chooses to buy a farm three or four miles from the nearest point at which there is any demand for lots for actual building purposes, have it laid out in squares 33x120 ft., and offer these to the public as building lots, each at the price he paid per acre a few weeks ago, nothing can be done to stop the practice, so long as enough people are found gullible enough to hand out money for them.

—Winnipeg Town Topics.

Canadian Finance had this to say on the same subject some weeks ago:

A letter of New Year greeting to Canadian Finance from a Calgary subscriber contains a sentence or two to which every honest Canadian will say Amen.

"We believe that Western Canada furnishes better opportunities for the investment of capital than almost any part of the world; but there has been a certain amount of real estate wild-calling done that has not been for the good of the West. However, we are glad to say that the real estate section of our Board of Trade here have taken this matter up and are going to do all in their power to stamp out this undesirable side of the business."

The Edmonton Board of Trade has lately gone on record in no uncertain manner, the following being the gist of a resolution prepared by the real estate section last month, under the authority of a motion of the full board. It is urged that the provincial government should enact legislation calling for registered plans of all subdivisions offered to the public, accurately showing contour of land, distance from centre of adjacent town or city. Further it is advocated that the legislation make it criminal offence to publish in any newspaper, pamphlet or poster, misleading statements or inferences, in connection with the offering for sale of any real estate. And that it be recommended that no plans of subdivisions within two miles of the present limit of any city or town be approved by the inspector of surveys until it has been approved of by the Commissioners or Council of the city or town near which it is situated. It is further recommended that these regulations be made applicable as far as practicable, to property situated without the Province of Alberta, but offered for sale within the Province. While it is debatable how some of these regulations would work out in practice, the Edmonton Board is doing good service in bringing matters to a head.

The Province of Saskatchewan this year passed legislation of somewhat similar purport, and though this has not by any means squelched activity in subdivision offerings it has undoubtedly kept out some more flagrant frauds.

Edmonton has not been a slinner beyond other cities of the plain. Yet a computation made by a visiting representative of Canadian Finance some months ago, showed that the city, with outlying subdivisions, then marked on printed plans and offered to the public, made ample provision for a population of a round million. An eastern exchange has made a computation which purports to show that the aggregate offerings of subdivisional lots in various parts of Canada, allowing four people to each lot, was sufficient to accommodate more than twelve times the present population of Canadian cities and towns, as a whole.

The subdivision craze is not confined to the West. Toronto's Assessment Commissioner recently issued a public protest against a certain aldermanic proposal to annex a large portion of York township to the north of the city. The Assessment Commissioner states that there is sufficient vacant land in the present city limits to accommodate 69 per cent, or 200,000 more people. He goes on to say that prices now paid for outlying districts are quite unjustifiable. These suburban and farm lands are being acquired and held against annexation. The opinion is expressed that the inevitable result of further annexation would be a repitellon of the harmful land boom of 1890, from which it took the city many years to recover. The present conditions are parallel, but of greater magnitude, and any slump following wholesale annexation would result in the transference to the city of large

blocks of vacant land heavily encumbered with taxes, which it might perform have to carry for many years.

THE WAYS OF DESTINY

Continued from Page 3

the fifth floor, and presently La Touche Pontchartrain, author, was summoned into the presence of James Holladay.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance sir," said the latter, greeting the youth a few minutes later.

"The pleasure is mine," answered La Touche, scrutinizing a tall, heavy-set, finely dressed gentleman of middle age, and wondering how much money he had. A diamond of no inconsiderable caratage blazed in his tie, and another, sparkling on his finger, bespoke wealth.

"Be seated," commanded Mr. Holladay. "I want to congratulate you, first of all, upon your story," he continued briskly. "As a detective story it is a keen piece of work. Your powers of analysis and deduction are remarkable. I was surprised to see such a young man."

La Touche bowed.

"To come to the point," continued Mr. Holladay, "I have asked you here in order to lay both an important and delicate matter before you. I have a feeling that you can be of some material assistance to me. If you can help me solve a certain matter which is troubling me, I shall desire to reward you handsomely. I am wealthy and can well afford to do so. In this connection," he added with a smile, "I need only say to you that the muckraker magazines have asked me repeatedly where I got my money."

"That proves your contention beyond any peradventure," rejoined La Touche smiling in turn. "I am searching for my lost daughter," asserted the other briskly. "I dare not go to the department of police, because then the whole matter would get into the newspapers, and for my poor daughter's sake I would not have anything like that happen for the world."

Tenderness had slowly come into the speaker's voice. He paused for a moment, then went on: "I have sought the assistance of several private detective agencies, but they have been unable to discover even a clue. When I ran on to your story, it at once occurred to me that if I could enlist the ability of the man who wrote 'The Missing Maid,' I might meet success in my search."

"It is a proved rule," returned La Touche, with interest, "to avoid a regular detective when you want to get results. They are almost invariably false alarms. Even Scotland Yard is asleep at the switch nine tenths of the time. The blundering of a professional detective has become axiomatic. Here in New York it is the newspaper men who invariably do the real work in solving crime mysteries."

"Yes, yes. I quite agree with you," acquiesced the other. "Would it be possible for you to give me any of your time?"

"I am an extremely busy man," temporized La Touche, striving not to appear too anxious.

"Let me say again," said Mr. Holladay, "that money is of positively no consequence to me in this matter. Find me my daughter, and my certified check for fifty thousand dollars is yours. That's more than you can earn writing fiction for many a day."

La Touche strove hard to control a gasp of astonishment at the figure the other named.

"Begin at the beginning, if you please," he said after a moment, "and tell me everything. I shall be glad if I can be of any assistance to you." He thought of the strange premonition Levantia had had regarding the story "The Missing Maid."

Mr. Holladay seemed deeply moved at the other's reply. He reached over and wrung La Touche's hand warmly. "I thank you from the bottom of my heart," he said.

"Not at all, Mr. Holladay," answered the youth. "I can quite understand your desire to find your daughter."

"To begin with," spoke Mr. Holladay, "it was pretty largely my own fault that Laura left home the way she did. I had refused to let her work out her ambitions the way she desired, had been needlessly severe with her and practically drove her to what she did, for I tell you she was a little thoroughbred. I was keen to keep her at home in Denver. I loved the rather old-fashioned ideal of a woman. Moreover, I had insisted that she marry a certain young chap. These demands of mine, I could see later, were without excuse. There were several scenes between us. I spoke my views with unnecessary harshness, and then one day she vanished."

Mr. Holladay paused, sighed, and a smoldering look of remorse came into his eyes. Continuing after a moment, he described Laura's appearance, mannerisms, tastes, propensities, and gave all the little details which a detective should know before he sets out on his quest. He talked as though he had rehearsed his story often.

"You see," he went on, "Laura was too high strung, too full of vitality and restless desire, too much like me in every respect, to yield to my plans for her. All along I had believed myself justified in what I was doing. It wasn't until it was too late that I saw and understood that I was all wrong. I have suffered for my mistake more than I can begin to tell you. I must find her. I must have her near me again. I want her to forgive me. Yes, and I want to do everything in my power to square myself for my cruel and impossible conduct. If necessary, I want you to search the whole world for Laura. Good or bad, married or single, whatever she is, wherever she is, it does not matter. Only find her for me."

"I understand," said La Touche. "Can you tell me the time, please?"

"Three o'clock," replied Mr. Holladay, looking at his watch. "Here, by the way, is Laura's picture," he added, extending the open watch to La Touche.

"She is a beautiful girl," answered La Touche. "At three-thirty," he continued, "you and your daughter will be restored to each other."

"What do you mean? Do you mean to tell me—"

Mr. Holladay added, trembling with astonishment, "I certainly do," answered La Touche quietly.

"Your daughter and I were married two weeks ago yesterday."

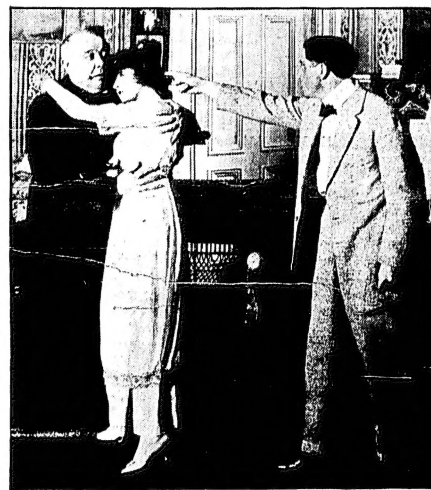
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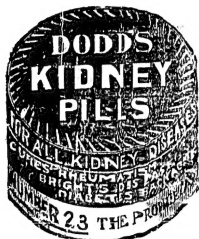
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Vancouver, B.C.

Continued from Page 3
real Indian chief, only permitting himself to smile broadly at the recollection when he came east and told his budget of stories at the St. James Club.

And about the club—A porter came to the late Mr. John Cassils one day, saying, "What will we do with Mr. Stimson? He was put up for a fortnight, and he is here over a month."

"So long as this club lasts on its foundations, Mr. Stimson can stay in it; he is part of it, if he wants to be so," was the answer of Mr. Cassils, who was Fred's warm friend, as he was also Colonel Whitehead's.

Land Sold, Went to Mexico.
The C.P.R. came in; the population began to grow; and the company thought it best to sell its lands. This was done without the knowledge of Mr. Stimson, who felt dreadfully cut up about it.

For there were many fortunes in the business, had it been prosecuted under the new conditions.

Mr. Stimson went to Mexico, and started a hacienda there, close to Mexico City. There were 1,300 acres in the property, and the business paid from the beginning. He liked the people; learned the tongue.

He was getting on splendidly, when he had to come east to be operated on a short time ago. He fought death with great courage, and an iron constitution, which had laughed at sickness, but he finally succumbed.

He was buried in the old home place at Compton, but the West was the home of his heart.

"When I went to the West," he used to tell, "the doctors told me I had only one lung; and when I was there a while, the same doctor said I had three."

"The C.P.R. was built so fast in the Northwest, that I found I could not overtake it on a cayuse," was another of his pleasanties.

He went to Cuba, at the invitation of Sir William Van Horne, when the latter was building his railway in the interests of cattle raising. He had a splendid experience in Cuba, chiefly because the country was wild, and unspoiled by modern civilization, for which he had a large disinclination in its conventional form.

In his cowboy outfit, riding the prairie, with the free wind and the sunshine in his face, he was happy. "But I must come east, now and then," he would say. "To see my friend Dr. Stimson, who knows how to fix me up; but give me the open road, the vastness and silence of the prairies for free and happy breathing."



The Beaver Lake correspondent of the Vegreville Observer does not allow the world to forget that there is such a place. He writes in a recent issue:

"The chicken pox has quite disappeared from Beaver Lake. It had to end because there was nobody to take it. Fashionable sports and pleasure-seekers can once more resort to this locality without fear or anxiety. The skating on the lake is splendid, once the snow is removed, and there are five gramophones in the settlement; by a delicious use of the telephone it is possible to hear all five at the same time; and also bagpipes, violins and other vehicles of sympathy. Everybody welcome."

Dr. Cook is still the champion. The Toronto papers contain this advertisement:

MASSEY HALL.
Monday Night, Feb 12
DR. COOK

The Discoverer of the North Pole

Who can help admire such a cheerful one?

Mr. Hans Schumann Heink, eldest son of Mme. Schumann Heink, the singer, who is seeking a divorce from Mr. William Rapp because she is a mother first and a wife afterwards, has given his views on his mother's motives for wishing to dissolve her marriage. (The marriage took place seven years ago, when Mr. Rapp was twenty-seven years old and Mme. Schumann Heink forty-three, and the latter says that her husband is jealous of her children.)

"Mr. Rapp," observed Mr. Hans Schumann Heink, "means well, but he makes me want to yell when he begins to talk about boy and how they should be brought up. 'You are giving too much to the children,' he would say to mother, and mother would reply: 'I never can give too much to my children'."

"Be independent and earn your living," my stepfather was continually saying. "You are the son of Mme. Schumann Heink; therefore you have no need to work for your living," mother would promptly retort in his presence. We all love mother now that she is going to divorce Mr. Rapp. Everything will be different."

"Mother will doubtless use her fountain pen to write any number of cheques, and I shall no longer be conscious of someone looking at me and thinking: 'Oh, what a shuffling good-for-nothing young man.' Well, I intend to abandon the jewellery trade and resume my studies and become the greatest baritone that ever was. When my stepfather sits in the stalls and hears how they cheer me he will feel sorry that he misjudged me."

And yet some people were surprised that Rapp failed to oppose the divorce petition.

A well-known Edmonton man tells a story of a conversation he once heard in a hotel corridor. A man with a first-class tag was discussing religion and proclaiming his preference for the Church of England. Pressed for an explanation of this he declared: "Well, you see if you belong to the Church of England and you die, you go to England, but if you belong to another you don't know where in hell you do go to."

It was another man, however, whom an Episcopalian questioned as to his church connection. "To what parish do you belong?" asked the clergyman.

"Don't know naethin' 'bout enny parish," was the answer.

"Who confirmed you then?" was the next question.

"Nobody," answered the farmer.

"Then how are you an Episcopalian?" asked the clergyman.

"Well," was the reply, "you see it's this way. Last summer I went down to Philadelphia, visitin', and while I was there I went to a church and it was called 'Piscopalian,' and I heard them say that they'd left undone the things what they oughter done, and they'd done some things what they oughter done, and I says to myself, says I: 'That's my fix exactly,' and ever since then I've been a 'Piscopalian.'"

A case concerning motor-driving was on hand, when the chauffeur declared that when driving at

forty miles an hour he could, if necessary, pull up in ten or twelve feet.

"Um!" said the Judge.

An expert was the next occupant of the box. Said His Lordship—"If a motor-car were travelling at forty miles an hour and the brakes could be put on in such a manner as to stop it within ten or twelve feet, where would the driver go?"

"Depends very much on the sort of life he'd been living," said the expert.

"Dearest," she said, taking advantage of the fact that it was leap year, "will you be mine?"

For a moment the young man thought that he was up against it. Then with a happy thought he replied, "you will have to ask mother."

"I am going to ride at the country," said a Frenchman, whose English was not very perfect, to a friend in town.

"I would say ride in the country," remarked the friend.

"Ah, yes—very good," responded the Frenchman; "and when I come back I will knock in your door."

"Late one night young Jinks sat in a crowded trolley car, and, when a girl he knew got aboard and stood directly in front of him, he made no sign. His face hidden by his newspaper, he pretended that he didn't know the girl would like to have his seat."

"After a while she spoke."

"Good evening, Mr. Jinks."

"Why, good evening."

"I've been to the Primrose social dance."

"Indeed!"

"Then, after a pause, she added."

"It's a wonder, Mr. Jinks, you wouldn't offer me your seat!"

"Jinks then got up. But he was very angry. He said, as he hooked himself to the strap:

"I thought you wouldn't want it; for, as you said you'd been to a dance, I know you must have been sitting all evening."

AN EXTRAORDINARY DISAPPEARANCE

Here is one of those extraordinary things which still happen in the heart of civilization. On July 1st last Leonard Frank Portway, a boy fourteen, left his home at Hendon, England, at 8.30 a.m. to attend school at Gospel Oak. From that moment to this the boy has absolutely disappeared. The police have made every conceivable inquiry after him, and have circulated his description and photo throughout the United Kingdom. The unfortunate mother has communicated with the police of all the colonies, and with the whole of the British Consuls throughout the world, besides inserting his photograph and description and offering rewards for information in large numbers of leading newspapers. It has been ascertained that no boy answering to the description has signed on board any vessel leaving any British port since the date of the disappearance, but not a particle of evidence has ever been obtained as to what has become of the boy since he left his mother's house, nor is there the slightest reason for supposing that he may have absconded voluntarily or in a fit of aberration.

A WOMAN'S CHARMS

My purse is yours, Sweet Heart, for I can count no coins with you close by; I scorn like sailors them, when they Have drawn on shore their deep sea pay; Only my thoughts I value now. Which, like the simple glowworms, throw Their beams to greet thee bravely, Love— Their glorious light in Heaven above. Since I have left thy waves of light, Floating against my soul, the sight Of gems from Africa's continent Move me to no great wonderment. Since I, Sweet Heart, have known thine hair, The fun of crime, sable, hair, Or silver fox, for me can keep No more to praise than common sheep. Though ten Isahab's souls were mine, They could not sing such charms as thine. Two little hands that show with pride, Two timid, little feet that hide; Two eyes no dark Senoras show Their burning like in Mexico; Two coral gates wherein is shown Your queen of charms, on a white throne; Your queen of charms, the lovely smile That on its white throne could beguile The master from his gates in hell. Who by no whines or bark could tell His masters what thing made him go— And countless other charms I know. October's hedge has far less hues Than thou hast charms from which to choose.

VICTIM OF AN OVERWHELMING NAME

Mr. Alfred Tennyson Dickens, who was recently buried in the vault of Trinity Church, New York, where repose the remains of a number of the leaders of the American Revolution, was one of the victims of the overwhelming name. "The exuberant vitality of Charles Dickens," says an English writer, "imposed a double task upon his sons, who were named after the famous men of his love and admiration. But no son of man could be expected to stand up under the double demand of rivaling Tennyson and Dickens. It is putting too much strain on a world's wayfarer—to increase the fame of two names. There should be a closing down of great names by British parents. If a man child is born a Shakespeare he should not be called William. The babyhood of the world cries for mercy from the famous parents."

Mason & Risch 136 Jasper W.

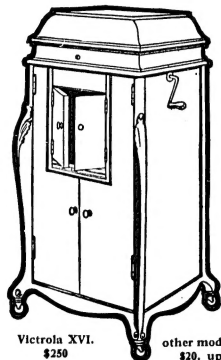
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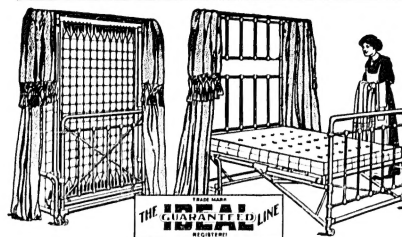


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It has been the habit for some years to refer to Victor Trumper as the greatest cricket batsman in the world. His claim will hardly stand in view of recent Hobbs' performance in the test matches. In three successive matches he has laid the basis of his team's victory by brilliant centuries, two of them not far off the two hundred mark. Between him and F. R. Foster and J. W. Herne, the reputation of English cricket has been magnificently retrieved. You'll be served in cricket as in any other game, but the work of veterans like Rhodes and Gunn must not be overlooked.

Calgary as well as Edmonton has formed a city cricket league and the game should take a new lease of life in both cities during the coming season as a result. Home and home matches between teams representing the two associations should be worth watching.

A schedule of the Manchester lacrosse league shows the astonishing popularity of the game in the north of England. There are four divisions, two with twelve and two with ten teams, 44 in all.

With such a school for developing talent, we shall soon have English teams coming over to Canada to show us how to play our national sport. How long is it since the average Edmonton man has seen a lacrosse game.

The Vancouver Sunset had this to say in a recent issue:

"While the season is only nicely under way it is probably a little ahead of the time to talk of the possibilities of the game at the Coast next year. One thing looks certain, however, and that is that the league will be expanded in 1913, to take in a seven from Seattle. Parties from the South were in the city last week conferring with the Patricks and there is almost a certainty that they will start work on an artificial ice rink for the southern city so that it will be finished in time for the season of 1913. Following the erection of a rink in that city another fast seven will be placed on the ice to take its position in the Pacific Coast Association. Seattle, which is a sport-loving city, should not find it difficult to make itself one of the best hockey centres on the continent.

"The chances of the Edmonton and Calgary clubs getting a place in the Coast Association now seem nil. It was not to be supposed that the Patricks would be elated over the treatment they received at the hands of the sportsmen in those cities a few months ago when they were going ahead with the formation of the league. Edmonton and Calgary held themselves aloof from this proposition after making various promises, and now they will probably have to wait a considerable time before they are given another chance to join the organization. With four fast teams on the Coast there will be no great necessity of adding Alberta clubs, and Edmonton and Calgary will be left strictly to themselves.

There is no evidence that anyone in the vicinity is pining away because Edmonton and Calgary haven't a place in the league of imported teams. The games that we have had this winter may not have created the stir in the outside world that those of other years did, but there has been more sport about them.

The Edmonton bonspiel fully lived up to its reputation of other years. The victory of Mr. A. C. Fraser's rink in the Grand Challenge was a very popular one. No man has done more curling in the city than the manager of the Merchants Bank.

The London Globe says:

The red coat, with its club's facings and buttons but shorn of its tails, was quite common until about 1890. Practically every member of a Scotch golf club had one, but when the game began to spread over the border the red coat began to lose its vogue. A common English belief was that the scarlet garment was a badge of proficiency and the modest English golfers shrank from assuming uniform of which they did not feel themselves worthy.

The red coat is now extinct except on commons like Blackheath and Wimbledon, where the local authorities make its use compulsory in order that it may act as a danger signal to the passerby.

A LAURIER STORY

According to the despatch from Ottawa Lady Laurier is responsible for the fact that her husband is still the leader of the Liberal party.

According to the story, attributed to Sir Wilfrid himself, he promised his wife when he entered upon the last campaign that should defeat overtake him he would return to her, retire from public life and together they would carry out her cherished plan to live their closing years quietly and peaceably. When the disaster came he returned to his wife. She met him at the station, and her first words to him were, "You Must Fight On." And so what else could he do?

Lady Laurier's contribution to the story is, "Well, you should have seen how his face lit up when I told him."

The story is worth preserving as a contribution to Canadian history. It is just such stories that make history real and vital. Too often the historian is content or compelled to satisfy himself with accomplished facts which lose much of their interest and their meaning because the influences behind them are unrecorded. The pages of sober history are a record of the sayings and doings of statesmen, warriors and others of more or less importance. But little is known or told of the influence exerted by the patient and self-suppressing wives, even when they wield the deciding influence. It is only in fiction that woman is allowed to play her equal, and for this reason fiction is often truer to life than history.—Woodstock Sentinel Review.

MAN OF SILENCE

Mr. Pierpont Morgan's Life Story

There is, it appears, only one thing which ever really annoys Mr. Pierpont Morgan. That is to have his name misspelled. Even in early days, while he was laying the base of his reputation as the world's foremost financier, "if there appeared in print an article praising him for anything he had done and his name was spelt wrongly that lapse outweighed anything that was said."

This is one of the many entertaining sidelights upon Mr. Morgan as a man which may be gleaned from Mr. Hovey's painstaking biography just published. Most of it relates to Mr. Morgan as a business man, but the picture we get of the man, as distinguished from the banker and speculator, is far more attractive.

Of course his chief aims in life have always been bound up with his business. But there was a romantic strain in his nature as well. When he was twenty-one he married a lady who was dying of consumption. She refused persistently to agree, but he persisted even more. "I will take you all over the world to find health," he said. "I will give up business and devote myself to you." So he did, but only for a few months. His hopes were disappointed. Health could not be lured back. She passed away, and he went back to work with a scar on his heart that took many years to heal.

Rapid Rise to Fortune

By this time he had already made a position for himself in New York. His grandfather was an hotel-keeper, but his father founded a bank, and he found the way smoothed for him to some extent.

He made money rapidly, yet never in such a way as to stir up against himself such feeling as exists in the United States against Mr. Rockefeller. Gradually he emerged from the crowd in Wall-street and revealed the proportions of his genius for finance. For many years now he has been in such a position in London that "when he sends out a brief request for a few millions of pounds he can depend upon receiving the money without delay."

A great deal of his wealth goes to the support of charitable and educational agencies. He spends enormous sums also on works of art. He was once asked why he did not take his collections (which are mostly arranged at his houses in Prince's-gate, Grosvenor-square, and at Putney) to New York. "I can't afford it," he said. "I knew you were poor," retorted his interrogator, chaffing him, "but I didn't realize you were as poor as that." Then Mr. Morgan told him that the duties which would have to be paid to the American Customs would amount to at least 1,200,000 pounds. How many millions, then, must the collections be worth?

Dislike of Ostentation

Mr. Hovey does not tell us what his friends know to be a fact—namely, that Mr. Morgan is greatly interested in the objects he collects apart from their value. He does not, it would seem, talk much about them. He is a man whose capacity for silence exceeds even that of Von Moltke.

Even the German Emperor finds him difficult to talk to. Once when they were dining together his Imperial Majesty began to talk about Socialism. "He was surprised to find that his guest was not in the least interested. The only occasion we hear of on which Mr. Morgan was really talkative was one evening when at dinner he told the whole history of some crisis which he stopped. His wife and daughters and some friends were going to the Opera, but "no one thought about it any more."

All kinds of ostentation, publicity, advertisement, Mr. Morgan detests. When he is asked for money he often appears to be scarcely listening, or speaks brusquely and as if he meant to refuse. But this is only a mannerism. If he knows the asker and the object to be genuine he seldom does refuse.

DICKENS

(Pauline Carrington in February Lippincott's)
 O Master Mind, thy voice still speaks to us
 From out the silence of the printed page,
 Wherein the child's heart and the soul of age
 Thrill to strains glad or mournful, falling thus
 On every ear not yet impervious
 To sympathy. When on the world-wide stage
 Of Fancy's dream, like birdlings from a cage,
 Thy visioned folk, breathed on by genius,
 Awoke, and on thought's wings straightway unfurled
 Fresh hope, and to the earth with care o'er fraught,
 Brought laughter to solace toil, and imperaled
 Joy within pain. O Master, there was caught
 A gleam of Heaven's light, and in our world
 Once more, through love, a miracle was wrought!

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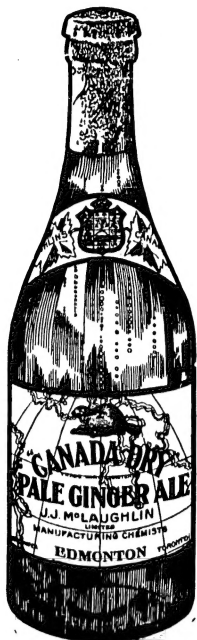
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Home and Society

Mrs. Brunton will not receive again until after Lent.

Mrs. Clark Dennis is entertaining some of the younger married set to tea in honor of Mrs. Pope, of Calgary, on Saturday.

The same afternoon, Mrs. Jack Anderson gives a tea for Mrs. Richards of Winnipeg.

At the play on Saturday night I noticed Dr. and Mrs. Rutherford and a party in one of the upper boxes; Dr. and Mrs. Ferris, Sr. and Mr. and Mrs. Wallbridge in a lower left hand box. Next them, Mr. Cross, Mr. J. K. Cornwall, Mr. Peter Cunn and Mr. Cunn in another party.

Via vis, across the pit, some of the younger set, including Miss Mrs. J. K. Cornwall, Miss Porteous, Mr. Outram, Dr. Harold Brown and some others, also enjoying a box party. In the next box, Mrs. Balmer Watt chaperoned Miss Phyllis Ferris, Mrs. Emily Brown, Mr. Townsend, Mr. Gibson and Mr. Norman Harvey. Through the house I noticed countless little parties, including Mr. and Mrs. Soratt and Mr. and Mrs. Weaver; Mr. and Madame Dubuc, Mlle. Dubuc, Dr. and Mrs. H. G. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Blythe, Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm, Mr. and Mrs. Haskins and his fiancée, Miss Mercer, Dr. and Mrs. Forin, Mr. and Mrs. Dickins, Mr. and Mrs. Kethum, Mr. and Mrs. Jennings, Mr. Chatterell, Miss Gifford, Col. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Miss Crosskill and Miss Shibley, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Ponton, Mr. Pirie, Miss Belcher, Mr. John McMillan, Mrs. Bouchier, Mr. Pinder, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Ponton, Miss Marion Ross, Dr. Newton, Mr. Hugh Pearson and Miss Gwen Barnes.

Mr. and Mrs. Driscoll and their children, and Dr. and Mrs. Ferris and a nurse, left on Wednesday by private car for Southern California, where it is hoped little Bobbie Driscoll, who has been very ill of late, will rally under the balmy air of the Sunny South, and that good care he will receive from his own doctor's personal supervision for a month. Dr. and Mrs. Ferris expect to return in four weeks' time.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith leave shortly for a visit to New York.

Mr. Nash is off to Ottawa again, taking Mrs. Nash as far as Winnipeg, where she is visiting friends.

Mrs. Bulvey has issued cards of invitation to an "At Home" at Government House, on Wednesday afternoon next. Mrs. Bulvey will not receive again until some time in March.

Mrs. Frederick Jamieson and her son, Paddy, and Mrs. McLeod, her mother, leave next week for a month's sojourn in California.

Mrs. Nora Campbell is giving a smart little luncheon for a very popular visitor to town, Mlle. Dubuc, of Winnipeg, on Saturday.

Mrs. Richards, who has been a charming and much-feted visitor at the Capital for a fortnight, leaves for her home in Winnipeg on Monday.

After the play on Saturday, Mrs. Haislop had a jolly little supper party, Mr. and Mrs. James Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Dickins, Mr. and Mrs. Balmer Watt, and M. S. Anna Oliver and Mr. Garrett being the fortunate invitees.

Mrs. Scoble was also a supper hostess after the theatre on Friday, her guests being Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Mr. and Madame Thibault, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Douglas, Mr. Ralph Douglas and Mr. Mac Dawson.

Mr. and Mrs. John Somerville announce the engagement of their fifth daughter, Dorothy, to Mr. M. A. Cardell, formerly of Calgary, the marriage to take place some time during the summer.

Mrs. McKenty and Miss Bessie McKenty, of Lacombe, came up to town on Thursday to spend a few days in the city.

Mrs. O'Leary, of St. Albert, and her children, are at the Corona Hotel, where they will remain for a month.

The St. Valentine's Tea, given by Mrs. Robert Mays, in the drawing-room of the King Edward on Wednesday, was one of the largest and most fashionable functions given this season. Over a hundred and fifty guests, all beautifully frocked and seemingly infected with the merry spirit of the day, responded to their invitations, lingering late over the festive tea table, a vision of little red Cupids, crimson roses, and hearts galore.

Running diagonally across the room were strung strings of little red hearts, graduating from fairly large ones at the corners of the room, to very small ones in the centre. Centring the table was a huge bowl of crimson roses, set in a huge spun sugar heart.

All over the cloth few little Cupids, tiny spun sugar heart-shaped baskets held tiny heart-shaped sweets, while sandwiches, cakes, everything, in fact, emphasized that it was the festival of hearts, so it need not surprise you that the very conversation took the general tone, and drifted to gossip of engagements that had been announced, and were to be.

Mrs. Mays looked very smart as she received her guests, wearing a gown of graceful black satin cashmere, trimmed with handsome jet garnitures, and touches of real lace at the throat and sleeves. A hat of soft white beaver completed a most artistic toilette.

Mrs. Somerville informally helped her daughter in doing the honors, coming in a trig black tailored suit to correspond.

Mrs. Ghiselin and Miss Viva Sommerville, in dainty white lingerie frocks were also assisting, while Miss Dorothy Sommerville came in a jaunty tailor made with a most becoming black beaver hat.

Presiding at the tea table were Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Charlsworth, Mrs. Balmer Watt, and Mrs. Wallbridge, while Mrs. Frederick Jamieson assisted.

I am holding over the account of Mrs. Sifton's beautiful little luncheon of twelve covers, which took place at "Garrykennagh" on Thursday, as it is impossible, owing to a break-down in the type-setting machine at the office to more than mention social events of the week.

The same applied to Mrs. Scoble's bright tea of about thirty guests the same afternoon, when everything was charmingly done and the guest of honor, Mrs. Sifton, of Winnipeg, was looking very good in an elegant toilette of a lovely shade of blue chiffon velvet, and hat with plumes en suite.

Of course you are taking in "The Mikado," put on for the last three days of this week by the local Amateur Operatic Society, under the leadership of Mr. Vernon Barford.

I went on Thursday, and listened delightedly to as clever a performance as you could well desire.

Some of the parts were really remarkably well done, "Trilby" as our English Cousin would put it. Read what the editor of the Dramatic Column says of it in this issue, and believe me his notices mean precisely what they say.

The audience was splendidly enthusiastic at the evening performance, and included the smartest people in town.

The Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Bulvey had a box party, including Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Bulvey and Capt. Gillespie, who acted as aide. Mrs. Bulvey was beautifully frocked as always, wearing a toilette of Paddy green charmeuse, draped with an exquisite tulle.

Throughout the house I noticed shoals of well-known people. On Friday night the Premier and Mrs. Sifton are entertaining a box party.

Prof. and Mrs. Broadus entertained Mr. Forbes-Robertson at luncheon on Friday last, inviting Dr. and Mrs. Tory to meet him.

Mrs. Harold Brunton and Mrs. Frank Smith were joint hostesses at a jolly tea-table matinee bridge at the King Edward on Monday, the guests enjoying a capital game, and being later joined by a number of others, who don't bridge, in the afternoon.

Mrs. Pardee and Mrs. Lane captured top scores and the lovely prizes, a cut-glass dish and a beautiful cup and saucer.

Mrs. Brunton wore a lovely gown of palest mauve figured silk, trimmed with exquisite real lace, and a black picture hat with plumes.

Mrs. Smith was looking very chic in a costume of the softest King's blue silk crepe, with black moire veils and garnitures, and a most becoming jaunty tricorn hat, with a white silk cabuchon, catching it at one side.

The tea-table was a spring poem, a tall brass basket in the centre holding a great shower of yellow tulips in a bed of smilax, while tiny baskets were at the four corners and yellow candle-lights completed the striking effect.

Here Mrs. Mowat and Mrs. Ewing presided, while Mrs. Swaisland, Madame Cote, and Mrs. Nightingale served the ices, and Mrs. Kenneth Macdonald, Mrs. Percy Hardisty, Mrs. Henwood, Mrs. Dickey, Mrs. Hume and Mrs. Nash assisted.

Mrs. Hume had a few of the younger set in to tea on Tuesday afternoon.

On Wednesday night Miss Marion Ross had a merry five table bridge for the young unmarrieds, Mrs. Benson assisting her in doing the honors. The tally cards, being St. Valentine's Day, were appropriate red hearts, which some, I hear, exchanged, to their mutual satisfaction.

Mlle. Dubuc and Mr. Ralph Douglas captured the prizes.

Music and a delicious supper brought the evening to a close.

Next week "Dear Old Billy," put on by a clever English Company at the Empire Theatre, promises to play to packed houses.

It is one of the events of the theatrical season, and comes laden down with the most flattering press notices.

The Misses Murphy were the hostesses at a four-table bridge on Tuesday night.

Mrs. Richards was the guest of honor at a tea given by Mrs. James Smith on Tuesday.

Monday afternoon Mrs. Jim Ponton had a jolly tea-party for some of the younger set.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Swaisland again entertained at bridge, eight tables playing, and enjoying

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Continued from Page 4

A large audience was present at the opening performance and the others on Friday and Saturday nights, with Saturday matinee, should draw bumper houses.

The Henry Seton Merriman play, "With Edged Tools," which was produced at the first of the week by an English company, was hardly up to its advance notices. There was some clever work done, notably that of the leading man, Mr. Hamilton, but the performance as a whole dragged. The first act was particularly poor. The play is along most being drawn out over five acts. The company returns next week in another class of play, "Leah Kleschna" and should be able to please theatre-goers better with it.

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When you are going the rounds with your buttons, don't overlook these serviceable new house dresses made up in washable Gingham and Chambrays in neat stripes or checks in black, navy, sky, grey or pink; made with either front button fastening with square, round, Dutch or Peter Pan collars, long or kimono sleeves neatly finished and prettily trimmed. All sizes. Prices \$1.95 to \$3.50.

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- 3rd. It combines the Nutro-Tonic with the rich blood-making qualities.

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Dr. Cook is still the champion. The papers contain this advertisement: MASSEY HALL

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Mr. Hans Schumann Heink, eldest son of Schumann Heink, the singer, who is seeking a wife from Mr. William Rapp because she is her first and a wife afterwards, he given his mother's motives for wishing to dissolve marriage. (The marriage took place seven years ago, when Mr. Rapp was twenty-seven years old, and Mrs. Schumann Heink forty-three, an latter says that her husband is jealous of her son.)

"Mr. Rapp," observed Mr. Hans Schumann Heink, "means well, but he makes me want when he begins to talk about boy and how should be brought up. 'You are giving love to the children,' he would say to mother, and

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